



"me. You'd have taken care of me."

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me. You'd have taken care of me. Did you marry Heed to protect her? Was that the only way? An Old Man tried to make me do things. Force me. I didn't though. If you'd been there you'd have killed him. They said I tried to, but I didn't. Try to, I mean. I know you called me here. I read the ad in a paper I found in the bus station. It was lying right next to me on the bench. A long shot. I took two twenties from a woman's wallet. She left her purse on the sink when she went to the other end of the bathroom to dry her hands. I knocked her purse over and apologized. She didn't check. Dotty loaned me some of her clothes. Kind of. I mean she would've loaned them if I'd asked her to. I met her in the Red Moon. Correctional gave me one hundred dollars for three years' work. I spent it in movies and restaurants. Dotty waitressed at the Red Moon. We got on; laughed a lot. She invited me to stay over when I told her I was sleeping in daylight. Church pews, movies, in the sand near the piers. Moving all the time so Cops wouldn't see me and think I was drunk or on something. I never drink or do dope. It feels good but you miss a lot when your head is fucked. I don't want to miss anything, anything at all. Being locked away all those years. My fault, I guess. I was fifteen and on my way out. I should have

known. But I only knew Boys, not Men. Do you like my Boyfriend? He's beautiful, isn't he? I want to keep ^{him} okay? He was late today because he had to be with his Grandfather ^(over). ~~We fucked in the bath tub and afterwards he kissed my foot. Before I could stop him. I never let anybody see it, let alone touch it.~~ So I know he loves me to death. ~~But you are the only one I can talk to because you understand me and everything and won't let anybody get me.~~ You liked the Hotel better than here, didn't you? I can tell when me and my Boyfriend go there. I feel you all over the place. Heed wants me to do something in there. She won't tell me what, but I know it's something to fix Christine for good. Dream on. The game they're playing? both lose. I just have to make sure it's not me. Or you. I don't know why I said that. I'm sorry. I'm still not used to it. Sometimes I forget you're my Good Man.

Foot kiss later (Chap 8)

It was ^{ice} cold in the garage
but we fucked anyway eating
~~and afterwards he fed me~~ barbeque.
You should have seen us. But you
did, didn't you? You go wherever
you want